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LOUDON:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.
Conference at Cleveland.
Those Preachers, who expect to bring their families to Conference, will please so inform me by letter immediately.
Aug. 23d '54.

English Copy Right Law.

A very important decision has been recently rendered in the English House of Lords in a question of copyright. The decision is that a work composed by an alien cannot be copyrighted in Great Britain unless the author is residing within the Queen's dominions, and owing allegiance to her at the time of its publication in Great Britain. This decision is of the greatest importance to all American authors and publishers. It is given to by the highest judicial authority in the kingdom, and is not subject to review or appeal. It may therefore be taken as English law hereafter that Americans cannot take out copyrights of their works in England unless they go there to live, or at least are residents there at the time of their publication. —[Sci. Amer.]

Soldiers of the War of 1812.

Judge SUTHERLAND states for the information of the many thousand soldiers and widows and children of the men of the war of 1812 interested in the bounty land bill, that it will be presented to a consideration in Congress early at its next session. The Judge was at Washington when Congress adjourned, and says from a conversation had with the Hon. Mr. CURETTE, of Tennessee, who reported the bounty land bill, to the House of Representatives, that he has no doubt that the bill will be taken up soon after the session opens in December next. The Judge gives it as his opinion, that the bill will pass if the soldiers and widows and children justly entitled to land from Congress will write to or personally call upon each member in their representative districts to vote in favor of the bounty land bill due before Congress. —[Charleston Courier.]

The Crops.

In our rambles over the District we have had ample opportunity for judging the crops, and sum up by predicting an average crop of corn. The wheat harvest has not turned out well. The oats were never better. More rain was needed for backward corn, potatoes, peas, &c. which, from present indications, are like to be cut short. —[Knoxville Courier.]

Copper.

The Hillville, Va. Trench says, we have been shown a fine specimen of Copper ore by Col. R. B. Brabson of Chattanooga, Tenn., which had been taken out on the Iron Ore Lead near the upper end of this country. This ore, which he termed the Gray Sulphure, was obtained within three inches of the surface and is exceedingly rich—will yield 30 per cent at least. The Col. and his company own a large amount of property in that section which is thought to be the most valuable property in the county.

Accident.

A very serious accident occurred in Grayson Va., on Saturday last which nearly resulted in the death of three men, one of them Mr. William H. Baldwin, a copper hunter from Tennessee. The report says they were preparing a blast in a shaft, which they were sinking; Mr. Baldwin was holding the needle and others were striking, when it exploded tearing Mr. Baldwin's hand nearly off, and putting out one if not both of his eyes. We did not learn the names of the other two men who were also severely injured. —[Mountain Torrent.]

A SEVERE RESUME.—Fletcher, Bishop of Nimes, was the son of a chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to marry the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow: to which the other replied, "My lord, I am the son of a chandler," his true; and, if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

EDUCATION OF DOGS.—A writer in the London Examiner lately saw a blind man look with much apparent interest at the prints in Colnaghi's window. "Why, my friend," said he, "it seems you are not blind?" Blind, no, thank God, your honor," replied the man. "I have my blessed sight as another." "Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" "Why, because I dedicate dogs for blind men."

New Kind of Printing.

The following from the "London Journal of the Society of Arts," describes a new discovery by Felix Abate, of Naples, for representing certain objects by printing direct from them.

From the description of the process, it will be remarked; perhaps with some degree of surprise—the excessive sensitiveness of vegetable substances under the joint action of acids and heat so that an infinitesimal dose of the former, and an instantaneous application of the latter, are sufficient to produce the most striking effect. The process is as follows:—

"Suppose a sheet of venerated wood be the object from which impressions are to be taken: I expose the wood for a few minutes to the cold evaporation of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, or I slightly wet it with either of these acids diluted, and then wipe the acid well off from the surface. Afterwards it is laid upon a piece of calico or paper, or common wood, and by a stroke of the press an impression is taken, which is, of course, quite invisible; but by exposing this impression, immediately after, to the action of a strong heat a most perfect and beautiful representation of the printing wood instantaneously appears. In the same way, with the same plate of wood, without any other acid preparation, a number of impressions, about twenty or more, are taken; then, as the acid begins to be exhausted and the impressions faint, the acidification of the plate must be repeated as above, and so on progressively, as the wood is not in the least injured by the working of the process for any number of impressions. All these impressions show a general wood-like tint, most natural for the light-colored woods, such as oak, walnut, maple, &c.; but for other woods that have a peculiar color, such as mahogany, rosewood, &c., the impression must be taken, if a true imitation be required, on a stuff dyed of the light color of the wood.

It must be here remarked, that the impressions, as above made, show an inversion of tints in reference to the original wood, so that the light are dark, and vice versa, which, however, does not interfere with the effect. The reason of it is, that all the varieties of tints which appear in the same wood are the effect of the varying closeness of its fibers in its different parts, so that where the fibers are close, the color is dark, and light where they are loose; but in the above process, as the absorption of the acid is greater in proportion to the looseness of its fibers: the effect must necessarily be the reverse of the above. However, when I wish to produce the true effect of the printing wood, I alter the process as follows: I wet the surface upon which the impression is to be taken with dilute acid, and then I print with the venerated wood previously wetted with diluted liquid ammonia it is evident that in this case the alkali neutralizes the acid, the effect resulting from the subsequent action of heat will be a true representation of the printing surface.

Such is thermography, or the art of printing by means of heat. Now it is nothing but natural to anticipate in regard to this art, as well as to the other above-described processes for printing directly from objects, that they will afford most important services to the natural, botanical, mineralogical, and anatomical sciences; as it is by their means that the internal structure of bodies is unveiled to the eyes of the philosopher, and the wonders of nature, in their unexhaustible variety are indefinitely multiplied, to be subjected to the investigation and to serve the gratification of mankind.

But the new art will prove not less useful to the decorative arts, particularly in its application to produce imitations of rare and costly woods, as well as of works of art, mosaic and inlaid work, applicable for paper hangings, or for furniture, in the place of veneering, these imitations being produced at an exceedingly low cost, while they rival in perfection the original objects, enabling those whose means are limited to obtain decorations at once cheap and in good taste. —[Scientific American.]

The New York "National Democrat," which is a thorn in the side of the present national administration, is down upon the clerk of the House of Representatives in this wise:

"We have all along been merciful to John W. Forney, but he must carry a little lower head, or we will strip a veil from his face which will disclose to the public view, a character worse than the one which the New York Herald has ascribed to him. The few effete politicians of New York remember him, and his sayings in relation to President Pierce, and his political maneuvering and imprudent frands will form a subject for several chapters in the 'History of the First Year of President Pierce's Administration,' which may appear in book form one of these days."

Professor Stowe of Andover College, Mass., (the "leaves" half of Mrs. Beecher Stowe), who was silly enough to make a vow that he would not shave his beard until the repeal of the fugitive slave law is accomplished, has now upon his face and chin, the Salem Register informs us, a growth of fleece which makes him resemble one of the ancient patriarchs. It is as well, perhaps, that it should be so; for there should be some distinguishing feature between the man and his wife.

At a general court martial, which convened at Fort Union, New Mexico, on the 10th of February, 1854, pursuant to Orders No. 7, of January, 26, 1854, headquarters department of New Mexico, and of which Brevet Major D. H. Rucker, Assistant Quartermaster, was president, First Lieut. Wyllie C. Adams, of the 2d regiment of Artillery, was arraigned and tried on the charge of drunkenness on duty. Having been found guilty, he was sentenced to be "cashed," and on the 16th instant the sentence was duly carried out.

Or, allias Angel Gabriel, is again about having been "balled out" on Monday last. He had better keep in more shallow water hereafter.

For Loudon Free Press.

I feel again constrained to ask through the medium of your excellent paper, some information relative to the "Roane County Agricultural Society." I ask it through your paper because I know that many of my brother farmers are anxious also to be informed as to its progress, prospects, &c. We have looked anxiously, but in vain, for a list of premiums to be awarded at the Fair in the fall, but we are not even advised that there will be a Fair! What was the object in organizing the Society? We cannot believe that the intelligent farmers of your section of the county and professional gentlemen of your thriving young city, would be at the trouble of organizing the Society without some definite object in view. Has that object been attained in getting the first charter in the county, under the law passed at the last session of our Legislature for the encouragement of agriculture, or has it been lost sight of in the excitement created in your community by "that disease" you have had amongst you which cannot be called by any name without giving offence to somebody, or that other disease, a little less fatal, but much more prevalent, which has caused such a rush to the mountains and a scratching up of dirt and turning over of rocks in search of indications?

At the same time that I state my unequalled belief, that it has been the two latter causes, that have kept the Society slumbering so long, and ask pardon for insinuating the other cause, I must be permitted to say that the delay has been construed into "indications" not very favorable to the standing and reputation that those who have embarked in this cause, have in other parts of the county as agriculturists and men of business. And we believe further, that if the last meeting had been held at Loudon and the next appointed to be held at Kingston, or Post Oak Springs either, that month would not have been permitted to pass away without anything being heard of the "Roane County Agricultural Society." I make this statement, not for the purpose of making invidious comparisons between places, but because there has been culpable neglect on the part of your end of the county (you cannot expect the lower end of the county to attend your monthly meetings) and because I want the thing to be resuscitated, and to go ahead and do some good. And now gentlemen, members of the society let me propose, that if you will not do any thing further to promote the cause, that you have a called meeting at Loudon and adjourn to meet, some time not very distant, at Kingston, and let us make an effort there. What do you say to this? Do not fall out with me for making this proposition—it is not done wishing you to agree to it, by any means—for I am well convinced that in this matter, we will only have sufficient strength in union—divided we must fail. But for one I had rather fall in a struggle to do something than to slumber on and on and never make an effort—that is not the way we expect to accomplish any thing out in the Dry Diggins.

"There is," says a Boston paper, "a very curious and ingenious safety money drawer, and has no lock, but as sure as a rogue touches it, an alarm bell rings, and he is glad to escape; yet it opens to the right one with ease and without noise. There are two hundred kinds of these pills, made with a difference, so that it would take an idiot thief all his life-time to find out how to rob them."

The five men-of-war, composing our Mediterranean squadron, returned to Spezia previous to the 23th ult., all well, after displaying the American colors at the various Mediterranean ports. They were to be off again, after taking in stores, &c. A letter from Spezia to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says:

"Commodore Stringham has transferred his flag from the frigate Cumberland, Capt. Harwood, to the steam frigate Saratoga, Capt. Long, and leaves in her for Constantinople. The Cumberland is to cruise on the coast of Spain, with the St. Louis, Capt. Ingraham, and the Levant, Capt. Turner, looking after pirates, roving near Smyrna. Capt. Ingraham, who had leave to return to the United States, prefers remaining to the expiration of his cruise, and Capt. Morris, who was to command the St. Louis, is now the flag captain."

Patents in Great Britain.

Our London agents caution American inventors against the operations of parties in and about Washington, who act in concert with agencies in London, for introducing good improvements into Great Britain as soon as the patents are issued here. They mention one case where the inventor, upon reaching London, found to his great mortification that his invention had already been secured by another, who had received it as a communication from some one on this side. Cases of this character are represented as not uncommon. We have no personal knowledge upon the subject, and write upon the hint of our agents in London. It is a very dirty business to purloin the invention of another and hope to hear no more of it. If well authenticated facts come to our knowledge, implicating parties in such transactions, we shall not withhold their names from the public. —[Scientific American.]

The New Orleans True Delta, of Sunday says: "If the telegraph, as at present managed in the Southern country, is not a humbug, then we are entirely unacquainted with the definition of that expressive word."

The mother of Sam Patch died at Pawtucket, R. I., last week, at the advanced age of 80 years. She is spoken of as having been a Samaritan to the poor, "going about doing good," and whose tears had flowed "like rivers of water," for the sad fate and early death of her son.

Balm for a Broken Heart.

A "broken hearted woman," as she calls herself—Mrs. Laura Hunt, of Montgomery county, N. Y. notified the public through the Amsterdam Intelligence, that her dear husband, Joshua Hunt, has left her bed and board, and strayed to parts unknown; and she forbids all girls and old maids and widows to meddle with or marry him, under the penalty of the law. She earnestly entreats all editors "throughout the world" to lay the foregoing information before their readers. Mrs. Hunt will please to perceive that we have complied with her request. —[Courier and Enquirer.]

And we too.—[N. Y. Transcript.
And we three.—[Cin. Mirror.
And we four.—[N. Y. Standard.
And we five.—[Western Methodist.
And we six.—[Zion's Herald.
And we seven.—[Maine Free Press,
And we eight.—[Mo. Free Press.
And we open!—[Woodstock Whig.
Leave her bed and board, the villain, we ten.
[National Eagle.]

And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond! we eleven.—[Albany Advertiser.
And we twelve.—[N. Y. Com.
And we make up the dozen.—[N. Y. Com.
Ho! left her bed! Oh! the vagrant! And we a baker's dozen.—[Pitts. Amer.
And we start him again.—[Miner's Jour.
Keep him moving, Salt River is too good for him.—[Jackson Courier.]

May he have corn on his toes, and pains in his ribs all the days of his life. Leave a woman's bed and board, the graceless knave!—We'll give him the sixteenth kick.—[Carlisle Reporter.
Oh! the vagabond! he deserves an additional kick, and we'll give him the seventeenth.—[Clev. Herald.
We underwrite the eighteenth, endorsement.—[Cov. & Eng.
And we give the rascal the nineteenth shove.—[Eaton Argus.]

And here goes the twentieth.—[American Sentinel.
Pass him around! Start him again the second time. And here goes the twenty-first kick.—[Utica Daily News.
We give him the twenty-second, brethren add your mite.—[Vermont Vindicator.
Here's our kick. No. 24, put it into the scamp thick and fast.—[Concord Freeman.]

Break a woman's heart the fiend! Take that too.—[Painesville Tel.
And we repeat her wrongs and his shame to our twenty thousand readers.—[Saturday Courier.
Oh, the awful crime! He'll be a courting our Peggy next paragraph him, brethren, with vengeance.—[Washington Index.]

Teach his nose, the varmint! And 'till he returns, may ducks nibble him! grasshoppers kick him! bed bugs bite him, and night-mares haunt him! May he have hair in his victuals, corn on his toes, a flea in his stocking, and a bite on his nose.—[Cleveland Plaindealer.
We arraign him as a heartless diabolist, in thus dissolving the union between himself and Laura, and breaking the poor woman's heart.—[Geauga Freeman.]

Break a woman's "heart!" Miserable miscreant! Earth and life lend him all strings and torments; crush out the last spark of his miserable existence, and send him down to his father's (old Plato's) regions, there to dwell, where the angelic presence of woman was never known.—[Union.]

May he swallow just a quart
Of cholera at each breath!
May musquitoes hunt him out
And pester him to death!

Let her bed, has he? How virulent. He must certainly be a Now Nothing—didn't know when he was well off. We give him two kicks. —[Lou. Times.]

We think it is time for abuse of this poor fellow to stop. We have no doubt his wife was old, ugly and crossgrained, or he would not have left her.—[Somerset Gazette.]

Hold, Gazette man; nor dare add insult upon injury to the "broken hearted woman!" But, let his bed be no bed—

The wretch—give him a pallet among the fleas—What an array to parts unknown! left her bed—Did he? By a catapiller's wreath entwined, Let him wink out by degrees.—[London Free Press.]

Know Nothings.

Considerable stir is made in the Democratic party in relation to the new organization usually termed Know Nothings. It has been decided by that party, in this country, that every candidate for office shall take an oath that he does not know, nor has he ever belonged to any such organization. This will narrow the chances of candidates somewhat, and will bring out on the other side a pretty strong demonstration, it is supposed. In the meanwhile, everybody denies the knowledge of the existence of such an order, and nobody belongs to it. It is supposed, by the knowing ones, that members of this Order are a little like Topey—they are not born, but they grow. At all events, they seem to be invincible, as well as invisible. They come up in the night, overflow the ballot boxes and then disappear. In the meanwhile, no one knows anything, and the rule is, to "say nothing to nobody." The whole affair is as clear as mud, only it is a little harder to get at, and is not so easily gotten over. Does anybody know anything? —[Saturday Evening Mail.]

NECESSARY PRECAUTION.—On a late ascension of an aeronaut, a gentleman requested to be allowed to accompany him into the aerial regions. "Are you good tempered?" asked the aeronaut. "I believe so," said the other, "but why do you ask the question?" "For fear we may fall out on the way."

John W. Davis, of Washington City, has been removed from the Post Office, because he was alleged to have been elected to the City council by the Know Nothings.

KNOW NOthings PROSCRIBED.—The Philadelphia Pennsylvania endorses the demand made by the Argus, of that city, that all Democrats who have joined the Know Nothings must be excluded from the polls at the primary elections and insists that no such "traitors" shall be nominated to any office by the Democratic party.

Dean Swift held this doctrine; that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction; namely, the bench, the pulpit, and the gallows.

For Loudon Free Press.

I see in the Knoxville Statesman, a communication headed, Hiwassee College, and signed A Student. I suppose it was written by a specimen of the learned of that Institute, busying himself, and insinuating of his capacity to enlighten an intellectual community. The contents of his letter, was pitched at some articles written for the Free Press by Medicus. With pleasure I say that I never was a student of that school, had I been after this I would ever be ashamed to acknowledge it, for the writings of the cracked student, I consider to be a stigma upon any Institution, he may or has been associated with. I will ask no further questions, and diagnose his case, as one of malformed head, and unusual intellect. As an idiot in delusive imagination he anticipates, that as to the enlightened world, by his taken on the progress he as a student had accomplished in the science and arts of the present generation. Teachers, you who may be or has been the instructors of this beautiful fellow, as I look upon him being a fit subject to receive the kindest sympathy, from all sympathizing men. I suggest to you, for the sake of your reputation, and the anxiety I feel for the parents of this youth, to turn him back to his abode, and let him remain twelve months at least, and to correct disturbed functions; I will suggest, to bathe his head every morning, on rising from his bunk, with cold water, and carry him down with a flesh brush. I will further suggest, as he is a backer to the doctor of Knoxville, to institute in his case Croton Oil, as all men in this condition labor under the greatest numbness or deficient sensation, to restore the functions of digestion, and to equalize nervous influence by means, applicable to the great nervous centre of the brain: nothing better, could be advised, than to turn him back to 'ab for twelve months, cold water and Croton Oil.

Mr. Student are you anticipating to accomplish victory over the healing art, or do you expect to immortalise yourself, in the practice of law, for your own benefit, I appeal to you, to take the above advice, to prove the correctness of this treatment. I have witnessed many in your delapidated state, restored to sound mind, and in language of Holy Writ, made fit subjects to multiply and replenish the earth. Stick to your abode, and when you progress to banishment let me know, and I will say to the world, by industry you have been victorious, over two syllables, with your corporeal system much improved. Mr. Student, I will rest content upon your success if you will put into requisition the means above named.

Reader, look at the inconsistency of my friend student, after many he says, young heads are trying to enlighten the people of East Tennessee, where he himself, professes only to be a student, he surely is entitled to all his coveted greatness, my friend, lick your flint and try it again, rub the lamp of intellect, and see that your effort is not a mere flash in the pan.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. LEE.—When Gen. Lee was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine the general remarked to his host that after drinking he was apt to abuse Irishmen, for which he hoped his host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, general, I will do that, said his host, 'if you excuse me a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this: whenever I hear a man abusing old Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his scound with a shillalah.'"

The general was civil during the whole evening.

The New-York Courier & Enquirer learns from reliable information that the remarkably hasty journey, lately made by Lord HOWE, from Madrid to France, was connected with some mutual understanding between the French and British Governments, respecting the intended proclamation of Don Penno, the Fifth of Portugal, as head of a new united peninsular empire.

NORTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE.—The House of Commons is composed of 65 democrats, 51 whigs and 4 Southern Rights whigs. The Senate of 40 democrats and 20 whigs.

The suit instituted before Squire WOOLEY against the Jeffersonville Railroad, claiming damages because the company refused to carry as a passenger a colored person who could not prove his freedom, has been decided against the road. An appeal will be taken to the Circuit Court, and it necessary to the supreme tribunal of Indiana. The decision of this case is a matter of interest to the inhabitants of Kentucky, since it materially effects the safety of their slave property.

The New York Courier and Enquirer commences an editorial on the Greytown affair with the following:

"The Union has spoken and the Administration backs out. But, no; even backing out is too straight forward a movement for the Administration or its organ. They slip, and squirm and wriggle; they shift the burden of responsibility from the Executive shoulders to those of Commander Hollins; and then they pat him on the back, and tell him and the world what a strong back it is, and what a wise head is a top of it, and are indignant that any one could suppose for a moment that their hero could do anything that was not perfectly right he should do."

And yet again they say that the Administration must not be held responsible for every thing that this terrible fellow did; because it is not quite certain that he did exactly as he bid to do, must look at his instructions, and then perhaps they will find out, and perhaps they won't.

ARREST OF CAPT. HOLLINS.
New York, Aug. 25.—Capt. Hollins, of the Cyane, was arrested here to-day on a charge of destroying the property of Calvin Duran, a citizen of Greytown, and held to bail in the sum of \$20,000.

The cholera is decreasing. The daily reports from the hospitals have been discontinued.

A NEW KIND OF POTATOR.—A Texas paper says we have seen a leaf of the Tara or Tark root grown in the garden of Jas. B. Lee, which measured 104 feet in circumference, and 34 feet in diameter one way and 24 feet the other. The seed is from the Sandwich Islands, and is said to be a delicious fruit.

CHAPTER ON KISSES.

Kisses cannot be defined; too much of the subtle essence of the highest poetry,—too much of the choice dew of Heaven—too much of the foretaste of immortal happiness, is born, and dwells in their rosy petals being to render their definition possible.

Gentle, enchanting, etherealizing, soul inspiring kisses, ye are neither of Heaven nor of Earth, of reason nor of fancy wholly. Ye are rosy bands falling upon our spirit, with a dulcet violence, and restraining it 'mid the sombre scenes of life with a power of grateful resignation!

Divine Kisses, ye came from among the stars, and when your balm distils itself upon the arid lids of humanity, those stars seem not far distant, nor does their music appear to hush.

The true and sweetest flowers of existence the liquid poetry of the heart, and the glorious picturing of some bright hope, are in Kisses. They associate all blissful memories,—seek the heavy future with golden clouds and violet skies, and gather together the brief pleasures of the known Past, and seal them, and make them long-lasting with their Hyblæan breath.

All kisses have honey in them, though more or less,—a drop or unmeasured quantity, according as they are received, and from whom. A mother's kiss is holy and Heaven-befitting; it resembles a voiceless prayer, and the soul grows purer, better, lovelier beneath its giving.

The pressure of a sister's lips is calm and sacred, and glowing with goodness and affection, and benevolence, that give them much life in the mind after they have died upon the place of their falling.

Then the kiss of friendship too; this receives its chiefest charm from an inward thought; it is but a sign of the internal appreciation; it may be cold, for the kiss of friendship is but a symbol only.

Such Kisses—are not truly kisses,—not the children of Love—the violet-strewn pathways to the delicious labyrinth of passion, where Cytherea and a host of shapes of splendid beauty welcome him who entereth with a bruised heart, though a willing and a generous purpose.

Mysterious and delicious kisses, who has not felt them with a thrill, a pulse bounding with hope against the fetter of his earthiness? Kisses seem to hasten the destiny of men, and to send his soul to Heaven ere its appointed time. Glorious Kisses, what were the world without ye,—where would the certainty of an undying bliss in the great To Come awaken within us, unless at your delicious shrine?

Lips were made for kissing. It is strange if the heart rebel against cold custom, when heaven-made mouths, moist with unkindled beauty and heavy with sweetness pass before the vision? Those mouths are like dreams of unattainable things; and when they are touched, they are dreams still, because not to be wholly realized.

Danger, and power, and fascination, and irresistibleness lie, in a kiss, which can almost make or unmake a soul. A kiss has destroyed and established empires—has changed the fate of thousands—has poisoned and given new life with its sweetness.

No stoicism can withstand a kiss; no philosopher hath power against it. Adamant melts, and resolution falls, and oceans drip beneath the heaven of a kiss!—the touchstone of our common nature, revealing the eternity of love.

But kisses must be gently dealt with—they are delicate—there is the strangest of refinement in them, and the soul must regulate their conduct and bestowment. They cannot be taught, for they are felt and their power of happiness is innate.

Beware of kisses!—they may bring harm or Heaven; they are the weapons of the gods, and the plundered bliss of Paradise!

The Danville Road.

The National Intelligencer, after announcing the crossing of Staunton river by the cars says: The Danville road, which is stretching over towards North Carolina, has surprised even its best friends by its success. Very moderate results were anticipated, but it has proved to be an enterprise of great value, not only to Richmond, but to a region of country at one time very hostile to internal improvements. Its effects have been magical.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHOLERA.—The Charlottesville Jeffersonian, alluding to the appearance of cholera in Staunton, says:

It is said that one in a funeral procession passing a shop where whisky was sold, stopped and asked for some of the fiery liquid; he was advised not to drink, but took the fatal glass in his hand, saying I know it will kill me if I drink it, but I must do it. He drank it, and was soon afterward a corpse.

The Jeffersonian throws out the following suggestion:

If Col. Crozet would hereafter employ no man as contractor or laborer, unless he would give an express pledge not to sell or drink intoxicating liquors, the work at the tunnel would go on without any delays. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad invariably enter into such a bargain with every contractor on their road.

Young America.

The following is from the "Advance sheets" of the forthcoming "Know Nothing Almanac":

Irish Mother—"Arrah, Johnny, and where have yees bin, so long?"
Native Son—"Why, me and the boys has been kicking an Irishman."

Mother—"Wait, ye spalpeen, till yer daddy gets home—you'll be after catching it!"
Son—"Oh, he be blowed! That's the man we've kicked!"

[Exit Mother, with upraised eye and a half-smothered "Och, hone!"—while sonny stalks off whistling Hail Columbia.]